

MARRIED WOMEN RULED OUT.

OF 35 WHO WISH TO BE TEACHERS
ONLY 9 ARE ACCEPTED.

Heard this Decision to Take Only Those
Deserving Whose Husbands Are Too
Sick to Support Them—Attack on
Supt. Maxwell Over an Appointment.

The bylaws committee made a report to the meeting of the Board of Education yesterday in reference to the thirty-five married women who had applied for appointment as teachers in the public schools. A bylaw of the department says that no married woman shall be appointed except when her husband has abandoned her for at least three years or when her husband is hopelessly sick and unable to support her. This bylaw was passed by the board, but the Court of Appeals upset the bylaw under which teachers were dismissed from the department upon getting married.

A number of applicants as teachers were women who were forced out by the discarded bylaw.

The committee made a thorough investigation of the history of each applicant and reported in favor of appointing nine and rejecting twenty-six. The nine were approved because they came under the exception.

As to twenty-six rejected applicants, said a part of the report, "we recommend that three of them be rejected without prejudice, as they are likely to come under Section 66, subdivision 12, of the bylaws relating to abandonment."

The committee did not disclose the information which indicated that three of the applicants would soon be eligible. Mr. Schmitt, one of the committee, wanted to amend the report by taking four of the names on the list of the approved and putting them among the rejected.

"Only five of these teachers have been abandoned by their husbands," he said. "In the case of the four others, they cannot be appointed under our bylaws, as their husbands are living with them and are able to support them."

No one would second his amendment, and the report was adopted. It was said that the teachers who had been forced out of the department under the rescinded bylaw made the mistake in asking for appointment instead of reinstatement, which the courts might insist upon.

Mr. Lummie introduced a resolution that the department give a life saving medal to the teacher or principal who shall rescue life at her own peril in case of a fire or a panic in school. This was adopted.

Supt. Maxwell reported that there is a school within seventy-five feet of the public school at Blauvelt avenue and 189th street. It was decided to ask the Excise Department to annul the license.

There was a heated discussion over the nomination of Maurice J. Thompson as principal of Public School 6 by the board of superintendents. Supt. Maxwell said that Magnus Gross, the acting principal, had signed a waiver and was not a candidate and that it had been so reported to the elementary schools committee.

"I want to say that it was not so reported to the committee," declared Chairman Wiley, as he jumped to his feet and looked at Mr. Maxwell.

"I heard Mr. Davis tell your committee. Perhaps you understood him," added the superintendent.

Several of the members advocated Mr. Gross for the position. He is president of the Teachers Association and has had differences with Supt. Maxwell.

"I advise you to appoint Mr. Thompson, a worthy man," said the superintendent. "If may as well appoint him as Gross will never be nominated by the board of superintendents."

The matter was referred to the committee on elementary schools.

POLICEMAN INVOKES JEROME.
And Razer Case Does Not Get Away as Scheduled.

District Attorney Jerome was hunting out of Judge Cowing's court in General Sessions yesterday, when a policeman held him up.

"This is a shame," said the cop. "You ought to know about this. I've got a nigger over here who has withdrawn a complaint against a man who almost cut his head off. The nigger has been in the hospital for a long time, and at one time he was so near death that a coroner took his autopsym statement. Now he's down here, and I'm here, and he's signed a release."

"Give me the name of the case," said Mr. Jerome.

The policeman, John Coleman of the West Sixty-eighth street station, explained that Samuel Prior, a negro, of 238 West Sixty-eighth street, had almost cut off Frank Brown's head in a street row on April 18. Mr. Jerome went to Assistant District Attorney Townsend and told him to try the case at once. Lawyer Hugh Coleman, Prior's counsel, told Mr. Jerome that the complaint had been withdrawn.

"The case will be tried," said Mr. Jerome. "It was called very soon and Lawyer Coleman asked for delay on the ground that he couldn't get his witnesses. Judge Cowing made the prosecution put in its case and told Lawyer Coleman to be ready with his defense this morning."

"Did you know to whom you were talking?" some one asked Coleman before Mr. Jerome left the courtroom.

"Of course, I did," said the cop. "I knew that was Jerome and he's got an accurate deal. I've got a pretty bad post, and I have enough trouble without letting a nigger like that get away from me."

Mr. Jerome was leaving the courtroom when Coleman stopped him.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," he apologized.

"That's all right," said Mr. Jerome. "You did exactly the right thing."

MRS. STRONG'S SUDDEN DEATH.
Left Alone, She Took Her Life in a Fit of Temporary Insanity.

Englewood, N. J., May 10.—The friends of Mrs. Benjamin Strong, Jr., were shocked to hear of her sudden death this morning at her home in Cheshnut street. She had been suffering from nervous exhaustion for some time, although her illness had not been acute. She had never fully recovered after the birth of her fourth child, six months ago.

Under the advice of Dr. Bell of this city she spent some weeks recently at Atlantic City, and the change had seemed to benefit her materially. Advice was also sought of Dr. C. L. Baker of New York city.

Although apparently gaining in strength and cheerfulness, Mrs. Strong was evidently not at all herself, for this morning during the temporary absence of her husband from her room she got possession of a revolver that had been in the house since a burglar scare of several months ago, and in a fit of what the physicians call acute mania she shot herself.

The news of Mrs. Strong's death is especially distressing to her friends because of the unusually happy and ideal home life which she led, possessing the entire devotion of her husband and a host of friends. She was born and spent her early life in Cincinnati. She was a daughter of John LeBoutillier of New York. Mr. Strong is secretary of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York city.

He died to John Monk Eastman.

Joe Brown, Monk Eastman's side partner, was indicted yesterday for felonious assault as a second offender. The minimum penalty, if he is convicted, is ten years.

The District Attorney's office will try him on Monday, and it is expected that he will soon be on his way to John Monk Eastman, who is serving ten years in Sing Sing.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

In the hunt for the donor of Hamilton Hall to Columbia University a reporter called on W. F. J. Piel, a Columbia senior, who was supposed to have been the giver. In answer to an inquiry Piel's father, who answered the phone, said that he was not at home.

"Perhaps you can tell me something about whether your son was the one who gave \$500,000 to Columbia," said the reporter.

"I don't know," said the father, "I don't know," said the father, "I don't know."

"No matter how badly a man is hurt, if he can walk or can get some one to help him along, the drug store is his haven of refuge," said a drug clerk. "He may pass a hospital or two, but he would not more think of going there than he would of dying."

"A man came in to me recently with a deep gash in his head," said he, "and I'll fix it up, doctor," said he, "and I'll pay you for it."

"That's a bad cut," I answered. "You ought to go to a hospital and have it stitched."

"Wot," he cried, "me go to a hospital? Not on your natural. They cut you up over there, and if you kick you get the black bottle."

"Then I put some cotton on the wound and perused the man to go to a physician."

The women, with their varicolored linen spats to match the suits they wear, are not to have all harmony in tint to themselves. Thin stripes of duck to be worn inside men's waistcoats come now in all colors. They are to be buttoned inside the collar. The salesman in a Broadway haberdashery in charge of this novelty explained that it did not much matter what these colored bands matched. It might be the shirt or the tie or even the taste of the wearer. He insisted that the only rule was to avoid too sharp a contrast in color.

An ordinary telephone booth gives privacy enough for most persons, but a broker downtown is not satisfied with this arrangement. His private telephone—not connected with the office switchboard—is in a booth lined with three inches of cork. The door is covered with the same device to deaden sound, and once it is closed there is no possibility of learning what may happen inside.

"Why do we keep such neckties?" repeated the salesman as he glanced at a bunch of salmon pink scarfs. "Why, we have to keep all kinds. If we only put in stock the kind of tie that men of taste would buy we would never be able to meet the demand of our customers. Sometimes such combinations of color come in that I despair of selling them. But we usually get rid of them after a while. If the men don't buy their wives do, so we don't lose anything."

A stunted messenger boy with a slouching gait swung open the door of Prof. Oidings' lecture room at Columbia University and strolled in before the assembled class.

"Say," he inquired familiarly of Prof. Oidings, "is dis room 416?"

The professor answered hastily that room 416 was around the corner. The boy climbed out again, leaving the door open. A moment later he returned, announcing in a class in philosophy which Prof. Woodbridge was addressing, and again saluted the professor amiably.

"No, it is not," said the professor.

"Well, kin youse tell me where Devery is?" I asked.

"At the mention of the Chief's name the students of philosophy looked agape. Prof. Woodbridge hastily seized the messenger's hand. It was addressed to Prof. Dewey.

There is no in the camp of the plainclothes men. The other day the ukase went forth that "flushing the tin" would no longer go on the elevated and subway trains. The significance of that new order is that it does not in uniform must pay their way. Ever since the subway was opened, and for years on the elevated, the shield was enough to carry a policeman from one end of the town to the other.

It isn't often that a man's name fits his business as well as it does a saloon keeper whose place is opposite one of the entrances of Central Park. His name is Beer.

The young attorney was making his first argument before the Supreme Court and was impressed with the importance of the event. The two witnesses for the other side were an ex-convict and a private detective.

"The crux of this whole case, your Honor," he began.

The two witnesses looked insulted. The judge smiled and the lawyer for the other side was on his feet in a minute.

"Crook," he repeated. "May I ask the learned counsel for the defense whether he is speaking Latin or English."

"Latin," he replied, and it was not until the argument was over that he understood why the Court was so amused and the opposing attorney so indignant.

FULLER-LAWSON SUIT SETTLED.
The Lawyer Paid \$11,000 to End It, Lawson Asserts.

Boston, May 10.—The suit of Paul Fuller, the New York attorney, for \$225,000 against Thomas W. Lawson, which several days ago was suspended to give counsel a chance to amend the pleadings, has been settled out of court. An entry in the clerk's office of the Superior Judicial Court shows that judgment was not given to either party.

Mr. Lawson said to-night that counsel for Mr. Fuller had asked leave to withdraw, but he had refused. He states that on Tuesday \$11,000 was paid to his attorney by Mr. Fuller.

Fuller in his suit claimed \$225,000 with interest on an indemnity subscription of \$250,000 to the Kern Incandescent Light Company, a New Jersey corporation, upon which Lawson had paid \$25,000.



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ANSONIA CASHIER ARRESTED.
Hotel Man \$2,100 Short Says He Lost It Playing the Races.

George W. Pollard, cashier and room clerk of the Ansonia Hotel, was arrested last night charged with the larceny of \$2,100 from his employers. Manager G. E. Webb, who made the complaint, says that Pollard began his peculations last December. He covered up his tracks by juggling books and receipts. He was not suspected until last week, when a guest about to leave the hotel received a bill for \$90. He showed the manager a receipt to show that he had already paid most of that sum. The books were quietly investigated, unknown to Pollard, and found to be \$2,100 short.

When Pollard appeared to take the night shift at 10 o'clock last evening, Detective Sergeant Wall was waiting for him. He was taken to the West Sixty-ninth street station. There he weakened and admitted the theft.

"I got to playing the races," he said in explanation.

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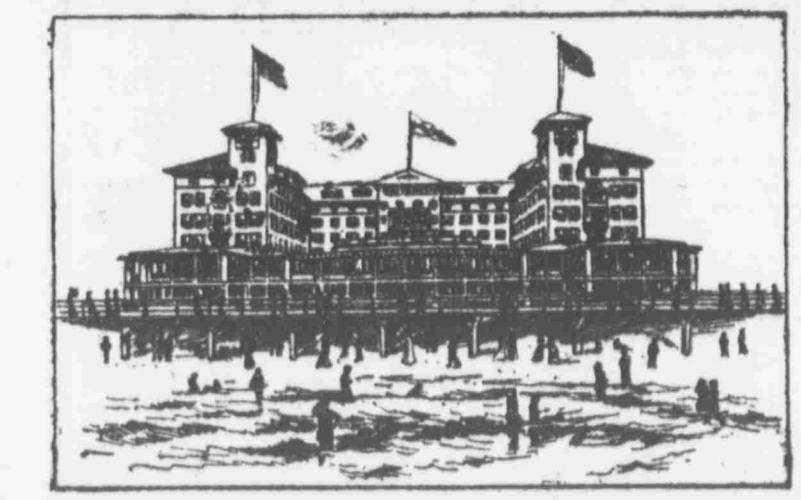
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